123 the boat and took dinner. Afterward, we pulled out into the Gulf and skirted the coast, rowing for miles. We passed great red mountains with the sea beating against their rugged breasts, hollowing out deep caverns; then sandy bluffs with mountains receding, but the horizon was always notched with rugged, pinnacled desert ranges.

We landed for the night on a sandy point and made camp. After our supper two fires were built, Roberto's signal that he was on hand. [202] Also a white scarf was tied to a long pole as a signal of friendship. No answering signal appeared. Probably the people were on the opposite side of the Island.

At sunset the sea became calm as a pond and the mountains on Tiburon in the distance turned purple and lavender. The sea reflected all the sky and mountain colors like a mirror.

The next morning we got an early start and it required our united strength to push the boat down to the water as it was low tide. The beach was strewn with various shells and a lot of colored pumice stone which had drifted in from seventy-five miles north, where there are some pumice hills near the sea.

The nearest point of Tiburon was only one and a half miles distant, a short row across. The water was pure green, indicating a shallow sea. [361] We rounded the point and rowed into a bay and then to the head of the bay where there were a few huts called *Rancheria Tinajanita*, or Little Tanks. The water was so shallow in places we had to get out and push the boat a long way out and walk up a long muddy beach over shells and a sort of coral that bruised and cut our bare feet, so that we went as if walking on eggs.

342 The rancheria was built on the shore with no shade; each hut facing
361 the water. The huts were very crude---the frames of *carrizo* reed and ocotillo, covered with coarse brush and blankets of dried seaweed.
[35] Around the bottoms, or sides, of each hut were piled sea turtle shells three and a half feet high and two and a half feet wide. Over these were piled seaweed and brush, not fastened. Round about were turtle bones and shells, and sea shells, bones and anything that contained meat.

This was just a temporary camp of about eight huts.

123 We left this camp, raised the sail, which consisted of several
202 flour sacks sewed together, and lay in the bottom of the dug-out, while the one-eyed Mexican steered with a paddle. Before leaving, Ricardo left his sign---a sign agreed between him and the Seris. Since he and his family had been so kind to them, they would never harm him or kill his horses and cattle. He erected a stick with a rag to call attention, made a circle with his heel, and inside the circle made the tracks of his right bare foot and right hand.

123 At the bow we carried the white banner always to signify peace.
361 We crossed the bay to a sandy point and came upon another small

[text continues on p. 153]